3/9/70

Dear Mr. Segesta,

Your recent letter, which was addressed to our old place, was forwarded a week ago and hasn't reached me, so I presume it was returned to you.

What the P.O. is doing is incredible, even for them. My mother-in-law still lives in Hyattstown, so when the two-year forwarding period, during which the P.O. forwards the mail itself, ran out, I asked them to deliver the mail to my mother-in-law. This is all proper and according to regulations.

What they have been doing is deliver all the junk mail, every scrap of it, and returning first class! When I found out and complained, they would occasionally let one slip through to my mother-in-law. Of those she has forwarded, very few ever get here.

I complained again this a.m., and they again promise to deliver to my mother-in-law and then forward after she readdresses.

Can you begin to imagine how many people have books with my address as Hyattstown? What a mess if they refuse to forward mail!

So, if you'll put the letter in another envelope, adressed to Rt 89 Frederick, 21701, I'll answer promptly. It will be good to hear from you again. Your many kindnesses have had great meaning to us, and the more desperate our condition gets, the more warmly we think of the few who have sought to help. I am continuing my work, though my pace has had to slow, for I feel the physical and emotional drain. It is heavy, and the impossibility of getting anything serious and new published deeply disturbing. Sick country - all with power and influence either cowards or corrupt.

But, we do try.

Sorry this happened. Hope the letter got back to you, anyway.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

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